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from *Liminal*

These poems, excerpted from *Liminal*, are plucked and composed out of the field of my own translations of Paul Celan's early Romanian poems; they border, transgress and traverse the porous body of our languages.

Brow Shore

on your brow, morning wakes cross-eyed
sky, an argument where the owned
dispute over their crown of scales
tattooing the budding hour in the skin of your temples

unsettled and greedy to clamour
inside your helmet, bite from your brow
which is a casement, a wreathed summit, a drifting vault,
reach this shore of yourself

slabs of lids rise, as thought from a temple
where a leaf settles, then mounts to the swollen sky,
the window, where we scramble as though to a shelter
to watch, slumberous and dishevelled, the sky
bear down on your laurel-adorned temple, your eyes' hoods

contour of these dew-torn thoughts, an island?
a mirage? a splintered profile?

Blindfolded

Night draws bruised bags under the eyes
Open the windows
From the forest submissive look at the world
Wait for a voiced leaf
Will ash rekindle?
From nakedness perhaps or from a laurel
In the temple an arm twists
Into a shadow gardened by a late twilight
Will the shoulders grow arms?
Wind burst?
Our dispute enflames the hall
Hear the scurry in the vacant room?
Window's curtains, hair?
Displaced bell rattles the night
Yet we'll slowly
Hooded burning gaze
Let it rinse the eyes, so we'll think we're pacing together
From the tropics, people dream of flight in their sleep
No eyes, yet the shoulders luminous stand the expanse
Can you scent a forest of maples?

Dishevelled Helmet

hair streaming from hands, from mirrors
from trees twilight-sown, foliage forever dishevelled
slumbering hair cascades burst through
the shadowed swamp, frozen lake
after all the fruitless waiting
curtains of tresses voice courageous in the breeze
trace hair's shadow in the sand of a palm
feather the somnolent sky to dusk with your raven
halo of an aerial shipwreck
dishevel me up the stairs
await, spectacular in your mane, on the final step
to dissemble my curtain, my hooded, my exile
endless ramifications of the aerial roots
my concrescent heady prophecy
shimmering in tresses of uncertainties
its shadow in the sky of your own
contradictory word hanging from your throat

